Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

Clown. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*?
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio's* wife?

Ieſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meet
The Lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life:
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that.

Loren. I will anone, firſt let us go to dinner?

Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it ſerve for table talke,
Then how ſo ere thou ſpeakſt, mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it.

Ieſſi. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Anth. Ready,

Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony Adverſary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and an arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke, the world thinks, and I thinke ſo to,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice,
To the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
Thouw'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forteiture,
But toucht with humane gentleneſſe and love,
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glauncing an eye of pitty on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate,
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborne Turkes, and Tartars never train'd
To Offices of tender curteſie;
We all expect a gentle anſwer Jew.

Iew. I have poſſeſt your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbaoth have I ſworne
To have the due and forfeit of my Bond,